

# To All That Are Dead

## Whitechapel

I am the one who is always exhuming  
I am the one you think you see in the darkest of nights  
I have yet to reconcile the thoughts within myself  
For still I am one with the dead  
Oh, sanguine blood of thy corpse  
Quench my thirst and stain my skin  
Oh, how ironic it is to feel so alive  
When you cease to exist

I adore what I have become, I have longed for such a love in my dreams  
And my wrath will not subside until this love is mine  
Forever I remain the hideous figure treading these unholy grounds  
For I have failed the one who has created me  
My conscious is telling me to ingest the flesh of the deceased  
And with my tongue I shall lick the graves of all who will follow me  
Mark my words, they will pay  
I still am one with the dead and I swear to all that are dead

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>